

THE FRAGMENTS OF OSIRIS



The Fragments of Osiris

A Story Told by a Child of Egypt

Written with the assistance of Artificial Intelligence
2025

Preface

Stories are bridges across time. They travel from the ancient world to our present days, carrying wisdom, questions, and hope. The myths of Egypt are not only the voices of temples and priests, but also living sparks that children can rediscover today.

This book retells one of the most powerful Egyptian myths — the story of Isis, Osiris, Set, and Horus — through the voice of a child. Imagine a classroom in modern Egypt: the teacher gives her students an assignment, to tell a myth from their ancestors. One child rises and begins to speak. What follows is not only history, not only legend, but a fresh heartbeat given to an ancient tale.

Through this lens, the myth is more than fragments of a god. It is about how love can gather what is broken, how perseverance can bring back light, and how hope can rise even after loss.

May this story, told by a child, remind us all that the fragments of the world can always be joined again.

Prologue

The classroom was filled with the soft hum of voices, as children whispered to one another, waiting for their turn. The walls were bright with maps of the Nile, drawings of pyramids, and colorful letters of the alphabet.

“Today,” said Miss Hana, their teacher, smiling warmly, “you will each share a story from the old times of Egypt. A story that carries a lesson, a story that is alive even now.”

A hush fell over the class. Some children looked nervous, others excited. Then, from the third row, a boy named Nefru slowly stood up. His eyes shone with both shyness and pride.

“I... I want to tell you about Isis and Osiris,” he began, his voice small but steady. “It is a story about love, loss, and finding hope again.”

The other children leaned closer. Miss Hana nodded, encouraging him. And as Nefru’s words began to flow, the classroom seemed to dissolve — until it felt as though everyone was standing under the blazing sun of ancient Egypt, where gods and humans once walked the same land.

Chapter 1 – Osiris, the Good King of Egypt

Nefru took a deep breath before he continued. His voice grew stronger now, as if the story itself was carrying him forward.

“A long, long time ago, before the pyramids stood tall and before the sands covered forgotten cities, Egypt was ruled by a king named Osiris. He was not just any king. He was the kind of ruler who listened, who cared, and who wanted his people to live in peace.”

Nefru’s classmates leaned forward. He imagined them seeing what he saw in his mind: the great Nile River, wide and shining under the sun, flowing like a silver ribbon through the land. Along its banks, farmers worked in green fields, and children laughed as they played near the water.

“Osiris,” Nefru explained, “taught the people many things. He showed them how to plant seeds in the fertile soil when the Nile’s floodwaters pulled back. He taught them to make bread, and wine, and even how to build boats to sail across the river. He gave them laws so that they would live in fairness, not in chaos. And wherever he went, people loved him. They called him a good king, a just king.”

Nefru paused, as though he could almost hear Osiris’s footsteps echoing on the stones of an ancient temple.

“But Osiris was more than a king,” he went on softly. “He was also a god. The god of life, of green things growing, of the eternal flow of the Nile. When the people looked at the fields bursting with crops, they thought of Osiris. When they saw the river glittering under the sun, they thought of him too. To them, he was hope made real.”

Nefru’s eyes brightened as he remembered something he had read in his schoolbook. “And he was not alone. At his side stood Isis, his queen. She was wise, and kind, and she loved Osiris with all her heart. Together, they were like the two wings of a great bird, guiding Egypt with balance and strength.”

Some of the children in the classroom smiled at the image.

“But,” Nefru added, lowering his voice, “every story has its shadow. And Osiris had a brother named Set. Where Osiris brought peace, Set brought storms. Where Osiris brought order, Set loved chaos. And though the people praised Osiris, in Set’s heart burned envy and hatred.”

For a moment, the classroom felt darker, as if Nefru’s words had dimmed the light. He looked around at his friends and then continued:

“In those days, though, Egypt was whole. The Nile was generous, the land was rich, and people trusted their king. They did not yet know how quickly happiness could shatter, or how even the brightest light can be tested by shadows. For now, they only knew Osiris, the Good King of Egypt, whose name was spoken with love.”

Nefru let his voice fade into silence. He knew this was only the beginning. The story was about to turn, like the Nile’s currents when the flood came — and the children were ready to follow.

Intermezzo I



Sun Disk (Ra) – *symbol of light, energy, and creation*

“To me, Osiris feels like a good father. I remember how my own father teaches me to read and write, and Osiris taught people how to live better. Maybe every family needs an Osiris of their own.”

Chapter 2 – The Betrayal of Set

Nefru's voice grew a little deeper, as though the weight of the tale pressed on him.

“But not all hearts in Egypt were full of love. Not all eyes looked at Osiris with admiration. In the shadows, his brother Set was watching. And Set's heart was like a desert storm — dry, cruel, and filled with rage.”

The classroom was silent now. Nefru imagined Set in his mind: tall, with fierce eyes, carrying the wildness of deserts and the violence of thunder.

“Set was the god of chaos, of the burning desert winds, of storms that broke the silence of the night. He was powerful, yes, but he wanted more. He wanted to rule, to wear the crown of Egypt, to be praised as Osiris was praised. And envy eats the soul like fire eats wood. The more Osiris was loved, the more Set hated him.”

Nefru's small hands moved as if to draw the scene in the air. “So Set began to plan. He whispered to others. He built schemes as carefully as a spider builds its web. And at last, he created a terrible trick.”

Some of the children in class gasped softly.

“One night, Set held a great feast. He invited Osiris, and Isis, and many others. The tables were filled with food and drink, music filled the hall, and everyone laughed — except for Set, who smiled only with his mouth, not with his heart.”

Nefru's eyes shone, and his voice slowed. “During the feast, Set brought out a beautiful chest, made of shining wood and decorated with gold. It was the most perfect chest anyone had ever seen. And Set said: *‘This chest will belong to whoever fits inside it most perfectly.’*”

The children in the classroom murmured to each other, already sensing the trap.

“One by one, the guests tried. But the chest was too big, or too small. No one fit. And then Osiris, laughing with good spirit, lay down inside. And it was perfect — as if the chest had been made only for him.”

Nefru's hands closed into fists. “That was the moment Set was waiting for. With a shout, he slammed the lid shut. His helpers rushed forward. They hammered nails into the wood. They sealed the chest with molten lead. And before anyone could stop them, they carried it away and threw it into the Nile.”

The classroom was silent now, eyes wide. Even Miss Hana, the teacher, was listening as if she had forgotten to breathe.

“The chest floated on the river, carried by the current,” Nefru said quietly. “And inside, Osiris was trapped. The good king, the beloved god, was gone. Egypt fell into sorrow. The fields seemed less green. The people whispered with fear. And Isis... Isis wept, because her love was stolen from her.”

Nefru paused, his throat tightening as if he himself felt Isis’s pain. “And that was how the darkness began. For when envy is stronger than love, even a kingdom can break.”

He looked at his classmates. Their faces were solemn, caught by the image of the Nile carrying the coffin away.

“But this is not the end,” Nefru whispered. “Because love is stronger than death. And Isis was not ready to surrender.”

Intermezzo II



Feather of Ma’at – *symbol of truth, justice, and balance*

“When I hear about Set and his betrayal, I think of fights between brothers and sisters. Sometimes I argue with my sister too, but then we make peace. But Set never made peace. He let hatred fill his heart.”

Chapter 3 – Isis in Search

Nefru lifted his chin a little higher, and his voice softened. He no longer sounded like he was just telling a story — he sounded as if he was *inside* it.

“When Osiris was taken by the river, Isis’s heart shattered. She was not only his queen, not only his sister, but his true companion. She had walked beside him through every temple, every village, every harvest. And now he was gone.”

Some of the children in the classroom looked down, as though they too had lost something precious.

“But Isis,” Nefru continued, “was not a queen who gave up. Her tears fell into the sand, but her spirit was stronger than her sorrow. She wrapped herself in her cloak of magic and swore that she would find Osiris. No matter how far she had to go, no matter what dangers stood in her way.”

Nefru spread his arms as if showing them the map of Egypt. “So she began her search. She wandered along the Nile, calling his name. She traveled through towns and deserts. She asked the people she met, the fishermen on the river, the farmers in the fields, even the winds of the desert itself: *‘Have you seen the chest? Have you seen my Osiris?’*”

The classroom felt like it was moving with her — across shining waters, through burning sands, under the wide blue sky of Egypt.

“Sometimes,” Nefru whispered, “the people told her of a chest that had floated past. Other times, she found only silence. But Isis never stopped. She was like a flame in the darkness, searching, always searching.”

He paused, then smiled faintly. “And because her love was so strong, even the gods of the sky and the earth took pity on her. They guided her steps. Birds flew above her, pointing the way. The stars glimmered at night, lighting her path. The Nile itself seemed to whisper encouragement as she walked along its banks.”

Nefru’s classmates leaned closer, holding their breath.

“At last,” he said, “Isis reached the place where the chest had washed ashore. She fell to her knees and touched the wood with trembling hands. Inside, Osiris lay silent, as if asleep. And though she could not break the chains of death, she wept with joy that she had found him again. She hid the chest in the reeds, guarding it with her magic, and for a moment, hope returned.”

Nefru's voice grew heavy. "But Set was watching still. He could not bear that Isis had found Osiris. In his fury, he stole the chest once more. This time, he tore Osiris's body into many pieces and scattered them across Egypt, so no one could ever gather him again."

Gasps echoed in the classroom. The children's eyes widened, horrified.

"And yet," Nefru said firmly, raising his voice with courage, "Isis did not give up. Even then. She dried her tears and set out once more, this time to gather the fragments of Osiris. She would not stop until every piece of him was found. For her love was stronger than despair."

Silence filled the room after Nefru's words. His classmates seemed lost in the desert, walking beside Isis, searching for the broken pieces of her beloved.

Intermezzo III



Ankh – *the key of life, symbol of love and eternal life*

"I think Isis is like my mother, who never gives up. Even when she is tired, even when things are hard, she always finds the strength to help me. I believe a mother's love is a kind of magic, just like the goddess's."

Chapter 4 – The Magic of Love

Nefru's voice trembled, but only for a moment. Then he spoke with determination, almost as if he was Isis herself.

"Piece by piece, Isis searched for Osiris. She walked the land of Egypt as no one else ever had — from the Delta in the north where the river kisses the sea, to the far deserts in the south where the sun burns without mercy. And wherever she found a fragment of Osiris, she wrapped it in linen and pressed it to her heart."

Nefru's classmates closed their eyes, imagining her kneeling in the dust, lifting a fragment with trembling hands, whispering Osiris's name like a prayer.

"She was not alone," Nefru added. "Her sister, Nephthys, joined her — gentle and loyal, a quiet friend who never left her side. Together, they gathered what had been broken, as if sewing the world itself back together. And with them, Anubis, the jackal-headed god, came to guide. He taught them how to wrap the sacred body in cloth, how to protect it with holy oils and spells. It was he who gave Egypt the gift of mummification, so that souls could live beyond death."

The children shifted in their seats, fascinated.

"When all the fragments were gathered," Nefru said, "Isis placed them together. Her tears washed over Osiris, her magic surrounded him like golden light. She sang words older than the pyramids, words that only the gods remembered. And with every word, the body of Osiris began to glow."

His eyes widened as he spoke. "And then... he breathed. For a moment, the god of life lived again."

The classroom fell into stillness, as if even the walls were holding their breath.

"But it was only for a time," Nefru whispered. "Osiris could not remain in the world of the living. Death had claimed him, and not even Isis's love could change that. Yet, before he passed into the underworld, Isis lay with him, and from their union came a child — Horus. The falcon god, the heir of Egypt, the hope of all who suffered under Set's cruelty."

Nefru looked around the classroom. His voice grew stronger, proud.

"Horus was not born in palaces or under banners. He was born in secret, hidden among the marshes, cradled by his mother's arms, protected by her magic. But in that small child was the power of tomorrow, the promise that one day justice would return."

The children in the classroom sat very still, as if they too were watching Isis cradle the infant Horus under the moonlight, her cloak shielding him from Set's gaze.

"And that," Nefru said softly, "was the greatest magic of all — not just the spells, not just the rituals, but the magic of love that creates new life even from sorrow. Because love," he paused, his voice warm and steady, "never truly dies."

Intermezzo IV



Scarab – symbol of rebirth and transformation

"When Isis brought Osiris back to life for a moment, it made me think of my grandfather. When he tells stories from the past, it feels like he brings loved ones close again, even if only for a little while. Maybe stories are also a kind of magic."

Chapter 5 – The Birth of Horus

Nefru's eyes shone now, and his classmates leaned closer, sensing that after darkness, the story was carrying them toward light.

"From the love of Isis and Osiris," he began softly, "a child was born. His name was Horus — and though he was only a baby, he carried within him the fire of justice, the hope of Egypt, and the promise that Set's cruelty would not last forever."

He paused, letting the words settle.

"But Horus was not born in a golden palace. No banners flew, no drums announced his arrival. Isis gave birth to him in secret, hiding among the marshes of the Nile, where tall reeds grew thick and green, and the river whispered like a mother's lullaby. There, away from the eyes of Set, she cradled her son."

Nefru lifted his hands as if holding a small baby. "She sang to him, soft songs that were half magic and half love. She wrapped him in her cloak, so that even the cold night winds could not touch him. And the gods themselves watched over the child. Thoth, the wise ibis-headed god, taught Isis spells of protection. Hathor, the goddess of joy, smiled on the baby so that laughter would one day return to the land. Even the scorpions, fierce and deadly, walked beside Isis to guard the child, stinging any who dared to harm him."

The classroom stirred. Some of the children smiled, imagining scorpions standing guard like tiny soldiers.

"Horus grew strong," Nefru continued. "But his life was not easy. Many times, Set tried to find him. Storms broke over the marshes, wild beasts roared in the night, and poison crept near. Yet Isis never left his side. Every danger was met with her courage, every shadow was chased away by her spells. She was both mother and shield, never resting, never giving up."

His voice warmed with pride, as if Horus were sitting right there in the classroom.

"As Horus grew, so did his spirit. He learned to stretch his arms like the wings of a falcon. He learned to see far, farther than any man, just as falcons see from the sky. And in his heart, he carried the memory of his father, Osiris — though he had never seen him. For Isis whispered stories of his father every night: *'You are his son. You are the heir. One day, you will bring balance back to Egypt.'*"

Nefru's classmates sat very still, their eyes bright.

“And so,” he said firmly, “Horus grew not only in body, but in purpose. He was more than a child. He was the promise of tomorrow, the falcon who would rise against the storm. He was born from tears, yet he carried the strength of the Nile itself.”

Nefru’s voice softened again. “And Isis watched him with both love and sorrow. For she knew that one day, her son would have to face his uncle, Set, in a battle that would shake the heavens and the earth.”

The classroom fell quiet. Even the air seemed to wait for the clash that was coming.

Intermezzo V



Lotus Flower – *symbol of purity, rebirth, and hope*

“Horus, the hidden child, reminds me of myself when I was small and my mother held me in her arms. Sometimes I think every child is a little Horus — who knows what battles we will fight when we grow up?”

Chapter 6 – The Battle of Horus and Set

Nefru's eyes gleamed with fire now, and his hands moved in wide gestures, as if he were painting the battle across the air itself.

"Horus grew tall, strong, and fearless. His wings, like those of a falcon, spread across the sky. His eyes burned like the sun at noon. And when he came of age, he knew his time had come. He would face Set, the one who had murdered his father, the one who had stolen Egypt's peace. The land cried out for justice, and Horus answered."

The classroom seemed to lean closer, every child caught in the moment.

"The battle between Horus and Set was not a single fight. No. It was a war that shook Egypt for years. They clashed on the river, they clashed in the desert, they clashed under the sky itself. Sometimes Horus had the upper hand, striking with the speed of a falcon. Other times, Set roared like a storm, breaking the silence of the night."

Nefru's voice dropped lower. "Once, they turned into mighty beasts — Horus into a falcon, Set into a monstrous hippopotamus. The waters of the Nile churned as they fought, waves rising high as mountains. People on the shore cried out in fear, for it seemed the river itself would split in two."

Some of the children gasped, their eyes wide as they pictured the river exploding with fury.

"Another time," Nefru continued, "they stood face to face as warriors, armed with spears and shields. The earth trembled under their feet. Sparks of magic filled the air. Horus's spear struck like lightning, and Set's blows crashed like thunder. The gods themselves gathered to watch — Ra, the sun god, looking down from his golden boat, and Thoth, keeper of wisdom, counting each strike."

He paused, then said gravely: "But battles leave scars. In one fight, Set struck Horus and tore out his left eye. The Eye of Horus, full of power, full of light, was broken. Horus bled, and the world seemed dimmer, as though night had swallowed day."

The classroom fell into silence, the children's faces tense.

"But Thoth, wise and gentle, healed the eye," Nefru said, his voice steady again. "He restored it, not only with magic but with wisdom. And the Eye of Horus became more than flesh — it became a symbol. A symbol of healing, of protection, of strength that returns even after being broken."

Nefru smiled now, proud. “And with his eye restored, Horus fought on. He never gave up. For he carried not only his own strength, but also the love of his mother, the memory of his father, and the hope of all Egypt.”

His classmates sat frozen, as if they themselves were standing on the battlefield, watching the two gods collide like storm and sun.

“And so the battle raged,” Nefru finished, his voice trembling with intensity. “Until at last, the gods themselves had to decide who would rule. Would it be Set, the bringer of chaos? Or Horus, the child of hope?”

He looked around the classroom, his breath quick. “The answer was coming. And it would change Egypt forever.”

Chapter 7 – The Judgment of the Gods

Nefru's voice slowed, as if the weight of what he was about to tell was too heavy to rush.

"The battles between Horus and Set shook Egypt for many years. The Nile's waters rose and fell as if sighing with their struggle, the deserts howled with storms, and the hearts of the people trembled. But even battles must come to an end. The gods could no longer watch without choosing. They gathered to decide who would rule Egypt."

He paused, imagining the great hall of the gods. His classmates followed his gaze as if they, too, could see it.

"Picture it," Nefru whispered. "A hall brighter than the sun, taller than the pyramids. Pillars of gold reaching to the heavens. And seated in thrones of light, the great gods of Egypt: Ra, lord of the sun; Thoth, keeper of wisdom; Anubis, guide of souls; Hathor, goddess of joy; and many more. Around them, the air shimmered with power, and their voices rumbled like thunder."

Some of the children shivered, feeling the awe of the scene.

"In the center stood Horus and Set," Nefru continued. "One, the falcon-eyed heir, carrying the hope of his father and mother. The other, wild and burning with envy, unwilling to surrender what he had stolen. Both gods waited for the judgment that would decide the fate of Egypt."

Nefru's voice trembled. "The council of gods argued for days. Some said: '*Set is strong, he rules the desert and storms — perhaps he should remain king.*' Others said: '*No! Horus is the son of Osiris, born of love and justice — the throne is his by right.*' Back and forth they argued, the voices of gods shaking the very stars."

The classroom was completely silent.

"At last," Nefru said, "it was Ra, the sun god, who rose. His face was as bright as dawn, his voice as deep as the Nile. He spoke of balance. Egypt needed not only strength, but also justice. Not only storm, but also peace. And in Horus, both could be found. For he had suffered, he had endured, and yet he had not given in to hatred. He carried his father's spirit, his mother's love, and the will of the people."

Nefru lifted his chin, his voice ringing with pride.

"So the gods judged in favor of Horus. They placed upon his head the crown of Egypt, the double crown of Upper and Lower lands. They declared him rightful ruler, son of Osiris,

protector of balance. And Set, though defeated, was not destroyed. He was cast out to the deserts, left to rule the barren lands and storms, forever far from the fertile Nile.”

The children in the classroom let out a breath they didn’t know they were holding. Nefru could see relief on their faces, as if they themselves had lived through the trial.

“And thus,” he said, his voice softening, “justice was done. The gods had spoken. Chaos was pushed back, and Egypt was restored. Horus was king, and the people looked to him as the falcon of hope, soaring above them with eyes as sharp as truth itself.”

For a moment, the classroom seemed brighter, as though sunlight had spilled in through unseen windows.

Intermezzo VI



Eye of Horus (Wedjat) – symbol of protection, healing, and restored strength

“When Horus and Set fought and Horus lost his eye, I thought about my own little scars. They don’t make me weaker, they make me stronger. Maybe wounds are signs that we’ve learned how to keep going.”

Chapter 8 – Balance Restored

Nefru's voice was calm now, like the Nile flowing quietly after the flood. The storm of battles had passed, and his classmates leaned in with softer eyes, waiting for the end.

“With the judgment of the gods, Horus became king. The crown of Egypt rested on his head, shining with the light of justice. And though the land still bore scars from the battles, the people felt a new breath of peace.”

He paused, picturing the fields along the Nile turning green again, the laughter of children returning to the villages, the temples filled with songs of gratitude.

“Horus ruled with the wisdom of his father, Osiris, and the love of his mother, Isis. He did not forget the suffering of his people, nor the cruelty of Set. Instead, he ruled with balance. He knew that storms must exist, but they must never drown the world. He knew that deserts must stretch wide, but they must never swallow the fields. He understood that light and shadow live side by side — but justice must always guide them.”

Nefru's voice softened into something almost like a prayer.

“And Osiris? He did not return to the living world, but he was not gone. He became the ruler of the underworld, the judge of the dead. There, he gave peace to those who lived with kindness, and he reminded all souls that life continues beyond death. In this way, Osiris still watched over Egypt, though from a different realm.”

The children listened in silence, their imaginations filling with images of Osiris seated in the underworld, weighing hearts against feathers, while Horus soared across the skies above the Nile.

“And Isis,” Nefru added, “lived on as the mother of Egypt. She was the one who had never surrendered, who had gathered the fragments, who had protected her son. She became a symbol of love and devotion, the magic that can heal what is broken.”

He looked around at his classmates now, his eyes bright and steady.

“And that is why this story still matters. Because Egypt was not saved by power alone, or by battle alone. It was saved by love, by perseverance, and by the belief that even when the world is torn apart, the pieces can be gathered again. That is the lesson of Isis and Osiris, of Horus and Set.”

Nefru let his voice fade into quiet. “Balance was restored. Chaos was pushed back. And hope, like a falcon, soared above the Nile.”

The classroom was silent. For a long moment, no one spoke. Then a single hand clapped, then another, until the whole room filled with applause. Miss Hana, smiling warmly, nodded at Nefru.

“You have told it well,” she said. “And you have reminded us that the old stories are never truly old. They are living lessons, waiting for us to hear them.”

Nefru sat down, his heart racing. But inside, he felt lighter, as if he too had helped gather fragments of something broken and made it whole again.

Epilogue

When the applause in the classroom faded, Nefru sat still for a moment, his cheeks warm, his heart beating fast. He had told the story, but somehow it felt as if the story had also told *him*.

He looked down at his notebook, where the names of Isis, Osiris, Horus, and Set were scribbled in uneven letters. They no longer felt like just names in an old book. They were alive, walking beside him like shadows and sunlight.

“I think,” Nefru said quietly, almost to himself but loud enough for his classmates to hear, “that this story is not only about gods. It is about us too. Sometimes our world feels broken, like Osiris scattered into pieces. Sometimes people fight, like Horus and Set. But if we hold on — if we keep love, and courage, and hope — we can put the pieces back together.”

Miss Hana smiled at him, her eyes shining. “Exactly,” she said softly. “That is why myths endure. They remind us who we are.”

The children nodded, each of them carrying away a small part of the story in their own hearts. One thought of their mother’s love, like Isis’s. Another thought of standing up to bullies, like Horus to Set. Another thought of keeping balance in their own little world, as Horus had kept it for Egypt.

And Nefru — he smiled to himself. For he knew that one day, when he was older, he would tell this story again. Maybe to his own children, maybe to a group of friends, maybe to strangers who had forgotten the old tales. And when he told it, he would say the same words he had spoken today:

“Even when everything seems lost, even when the world is broken into fragments, love can gather the pieces. And from those pieces, hope will rise.”

Outside the classroom, the Nile flowed on, eternal and shining under the sun — carrying with it the echoes of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, alive in every ripple of its waters.